THE
NATION

NOVEMBER 26, 1960 . . 25c

WHY KENNEDY WON

Louis H. Bean

THE JOB AS PROPERTY

A New Approach to Automation

William Gomberg

THEY WALKED FOR PEACE

Clayton C. Barbeau

REVOLT of the FRENCH INTELLECTUALS

Marcelle A. Abell

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LETTERS

Still, He's President

Dear Sirs: I said Kennedy would lose because he was a Catholic. I was wrong. That is why he won.* My other point is sustained: that the "difference" between the two candidates was so minute that it would lead to frustration and indecision. A candidate winning by less than 1 per cent of the popular vote is no hero. I feel that those who convinced me finally to vote Democratic will have more to explain than I.

GEORGE KAUFFMAN

Berkeley, Calif.

**Louis H. Bean agrees with Mr. Kauffman. See page 408 of this issue.* — ED.*

Nevada's Governor Speaks

Dear Sirs: The Nation's special issue on "Gambling, Inc." [Oct. 22] undoubtedly represents an industrious reportorial effort on the part of its author, Fred J. Cook, but the chapter on Nevada is badly out of focus. Gambling in one form or another is legal in at least twenty-five other states. At least six other states derive more tax revenue from legal gambling than does Nevada. Every state except Nevada has some form of illegal gambling. . . .

As noted, gambling is legal elsewhere, but nowhere is it controlled to the degree which exists in Nevada. The success of that effort is illustrated by the simple fact that so many of our 13 million visitors last year had been here before. People do not return again and again without knowing they receive an honest deal. . . .

Mr. Cook's unsupported assertion that "legal gambling in Nevada is bankrolling the underworld" can only be classified as naive. Using the author's own figure of a $9 billion gross to *illegal* gamblers in other states, a little arithmetic shows the $182 million grossed by Nevada gamblers last year is only about 2 per cent of the total. Subtract from this a $67 million annual casino payroll, another $25 million for entertainment, and still more millions for advertising, rent, lights, heat and other overhead, and you wind up with a net which would look like penny ante poker winnings to the underworld syndicate of which Mr. Cook writes.

To the author's allegation that Nevada casino operators take in far more winnings than they report, I can say only that an expert staff of auditors and investigators, empowered by law to be in on the "first count" of any casino at any time, haven't been able to find evidence in support of such rumors.

GRANT SAWYER
GOVERNOR

Carson City, Nev.

Numbers Paradox

Dear Sirs: Your comments on the American Cancer Society's efforts to educate the young [editorial, Nov. 5] points up what well may be the greatest paradox of our current American culture. On the one hand, we are subjected to a barrage of near nostrums to cure imaginary ills; on the other, we are importuned to smoke one of many competing brands of cigarettes, the effects of which have been proven to be harmful.

As a nation brought up on what "three out of five" or "seven out of ten" think and do, we do not seem to take the American Cancer Society's numbers game very seriously.

MORRIS A. HUGGINS

Scottsdale, Ariz.

Miners Ask Help

Dear Sirs: We are entering the seventh month of a long and bitter strike in the Coeur d'Alene mining district in northern Idaho. The primary company involved is the Bunker Hill Mining Company, which has taken out tens of millions of dollars in profits in the last seventy years. The average wage of an underground miner is a little over $2 an hour. We haven't had a wage increase for two years. We asked for an 8c an hour wage increase for a two-year contract, the same as 95 per cent of the metal mining industry has won. The company has thrown the book at us. They have organized strike-breaking citizens' committees. They control the only newspaper in the main area of the strike, and we are hard put to get our point of view printed.

Also, until a few weeks ago, the union bore the full responsibility for supporting our 2,200 workers and their families. Finally, Idaho's Governor Smylie, after 5½ months, did bring in some state relief, but it's so inadequate that the main burden is still on our shoulders. The foulest blow was when the school district refused to start their hot-lunch program for 1,200 children because 377 of them didn't have the 25c a day for the lunch.

Our morale is good and we are determined to fight until we have decent wages and working conditions. Anything that your readers can do to help financially would be deeply appreciated. It would also help if they would write to Emmett Solomon, chairman of the mining company, urging him to negotiate with our union. Mr. Solomon can be reached at the Crocker Anglo Bank, Montgomery and Post Streets, San Francisco, California.

PAUL MANESS, President
Coeur d'Alene District Miners' & Smeltermen's Union—Local 18

Kellogg, Ida.

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The Nation, Nov. 26, 1960. Vol. 191, No. 18

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1960, in the U.S.A., by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. Tel: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three Years $20. Additional postage per year. Foreign $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1960
VOLUME 191, No. 18

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Mr. Nixon in Opposition

That section of the press and radio that thrives on sentimentality treated the Kennedy-Nixon meeting at Key Biscayne as if the two were Remus and Romulus, suckled by the same she-wolf and reconciled after a brotherly falling-out. Actually, although the participants were close-mouthed after the conference, it seems to have carried considerable political significance. If one underlines the word "opposition" and its cognates in the opening paragraphs of Mr. Nixon's statement, the meaning becomes clear—brotherly love is to be subordinated to political reality. We had our differences during the campaign, says Mr. Nixon, and those differences were based on principle. The differences we are going to have in the next four years will not be based on personal considerations, i.e., they will likewise be based on principle, therefore they will be important. "I have a responsibility as the leader of the opposition at this time," Mr. Nixon continued, "and I would like to say that as the leader of the opposition it is my responsibility to see that our opposition is constructive . . . [but] where the new Administration advocates policies that we disagree with . . . it is our responsibility vigorously to oppose them." Mr. Kennedy was stated to be of the same mind: "The Senator agrees that that is the proper role of an opposition party and of an opposition leader." And so on, at considerable length.

This is all to the good, and when Mr. Nixon argues further that the American system "works better when the opposition is vigorous and constructive," *The Nation* not only agrees with him, but thinks he is understating the case. Opposition is the lifeblood of democracy, and there has been far too little of it in the post-World War II functioning of the government. It has been a most disquieting symptom that principled, thoughtful opposition has been rare: the only major dissent occurred in the Presidential campaign of 1948, and there it was swamped. A flaccid acceptance of the righteousness and permanence of cold-war policies is a most dangerous abnegation of party responsibility. There is no excuse for a national or quasi-national government except during a shooting war. Parties should stand on their own feet, even in the field of foreign policy, or democracy becomes only a façade for government by military and plutocratic groups.

The Republican Party's duty of opposition does not mean that Mr. Kennedy should not be free to follow the Franklin D. Roosevelt precedent and include Republicans in his Cabinet. But such appointments, if made, should be on the basis of merit, not in an effort to disarm the opposition. What *The Nation* would like to see, regardless of who holds office, is meaningful debate on the great questions that confront the world. There is nothing to indicate that Mr. Nixon will initiate such a disputation, nor that Mr. Kennedy will give him occasion to do so in the area of the cold war; but at least the principle has been recognized.

Reversing the Reversal

In the excitement of the Presidential election, public attention was directed away from two major defeats suffered by the United States at the United Nations. The first came on a motion, backed by Ghana, Nigeria and Guinea and supported by the Soviet bloc, to postpone further debate on the Congo issue so as not to interfere with the work of a U. N. conciliation commission consisting of representatives of fifteen Asian and African countries. On its face, the motion was procedural. But the Belgian representative took advantage of the occasion to launch a bitter attack specifically against Rejeshawar Dayal, the Secretary-General's special representative, and generally against the role of the U. N. in the Congo. The ensuing debate found the United States aligned with Belgium in what was widely interpreted as a reversal of American policy. The Nigerian delegate made an eloquent plea, directed in part by name to the United States, urging the great powers not to involve Africa in the cold war. "I beg of the great powers," he said, "to forget their greatness for the time being and be as small as Nigeria, the baby of the As-

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sembly. Have pity on the Africans. What benefit will derive to anyone if speakers in this Assembly attempt to score points while people are dying? It would be a sad thing if the great states were to use their positions in the Congo to start the cold war again. We don't want that. In this I am supported by all the Afro-Asian countries." The motion to postpone, opposed by the United States, was carried by 48-to-30, with 18 abstentions.

The second defeat for the United States came when the Afro-Asian bloc forced postponement of the scheduled election of Portugal to the Security Council by a vote of 51-to-38, with 9 abstentions. Previously, the U.N.'s Trusteeship Council had passed a resolution requesting Portugal to supply information to the U.N. "without delay" on her overseas territories in Africa and Asia. The vote was 45-to-5, with 24 abstentions.

On these two occasions, then, the Afro-Asian bloc, with Soviet support, lined up against the West on issues affecting Africa, thereby reversing the apparent "victory" which the West had won on the Congo issue at the opening of the session. In effect, American policy had veered from support of the U. N.'s role in the Congo to support of the African policies of our NATO allies, Belgium and Portugal (the Algerian issue is likely to provide the next test). But subsequently, on November 15, the United States apparently veered once more, this time back to its original pro-U. N. position, by rejecting a Belgian assertion that the U. N. operations in the Congo had been a failure.

Perhaps a clue to this reversal of the reversal may be found in a recent television interview in which Senator Mike Mansfield stressed the ingredients of an American policy toward Africa: isolate the continent from the cold war; avoid bilateral pacts; insist on multilateral-aid agreements in which the Soviet Union would be asked to participate. If Senator Mansfield spoke with the concurrence of the President-elect, it is a good omen. In any case, why not let the fifteen-nation U. N. commission attempt to work out a settlement in the Congo based on the proposition that the regime finally installed should agree to cooperate with the U. N. in good faith for a stated period of, say, five years?

A Summit on Oil?

Soviet oil reserves, J. H. Carmical reveals in *The New York Times* (November 11), are nearly twice those of the United States and some 20 per cent of the world's total. The Soviet Union exports oil to the extent of about 2 per cent of the world market; before World War II, it had 14.3 per cent of this market. With reserves amounting to some 60 billion barrels, or nearly ten times the pre-World War reserves, the Soviet Union announces its intention of regaining its former status as a supplier. The market primarily aimed at is Western Europe, which has manufactured goods to sell and which must import oil. The Soviets are building a 40-inch pipe line to the Baltic, East Germany, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, capable of transporting 800,000 barrels of oil a day. Another line is being built to the Black Sea. When completed in the next two or three years, the oil pumped through this system will be available to countries of both the Soviet bloc and Western Europe. A barter deal has already been concluded with Italy, which has refining capacity in excess of its own requirements. Italy can re-export Soviet oil to the Common Market countries of Europe, and so can other Common Market countries.

At a press conference in New York, Stepan I. Kuvykin, head of a Soviet delegation that had toured American oil fields, made no bones about all this. The Soviets want 14.3 per cent of the market and mean to get it. Asked how he thought the Arabs would react to the seizure by the Soviet Union, their dear friend, of a part of their Italian market, Mr. Kuvykin smiled and said, "Ask the Arabs."

These tidings suggest that there might be something, after all, in the theories of those despicable cynics who have argued that the politics of oil operates at a higher level of integration than the petty politics of nation states. The Russians adore the emirs and sheiks of the Arab world, but oil revenues are something else again; the Italians are loyal allies of the United States, but not necessarily of Standard Oil; the Soviets abhor "imperialism," but insist on their share of the world oil market in a manner that suggests they may yet join the international oil cartel (as they have already joined the diamond cartel).

Some people, of course, will regard Russia's new oil activities with alarm. Our own blood pressure remains undisturbed. Soviet oil will be traded at the equivalent of $1 a barrel, f. o. b. the Soviet Union, while comparable prices of U. S. oil would be $2.75 and of Middle East oil, $1.85, which suggests that consumers of all lands may benefit from cheaper oil—at least for the time being. As for the future, who knows? Competition in oil may lead to a sub-Summit conference at which a measure of international understanding may be achieved.

'Fullest Possible Consultation'

It is hard to imagine anything more fatuous than Mr. Macmillan's idea that there would be consultation between the British and American governments before the *Polaris* submarine stationed at Holy Loch would go into action. Worse, in the event of nuclear war the overwhelming likelihood is that there will be no preliminary discussion of any kind between civilian heads of government, or civilians of any grade or authority whatever. Clemenceau's dictum that war is too important to be entrusted to the generals is as dead as

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Clemenceau himself. The next World War, if there is one, will be run by generals and admirals, and perhaps by majors, lieutenant commanders and lieutenants, and it would be well to have no illusions about it.

The Economist for October 29 contains an article, "Exploding the Nuclear Humbug," written by an anonymous correspondent "lately with the British Forces in Germany." The writer reports that the officers of the British Army of the Rhine, 55,000 strong, were rightly despondent about their chances of handling anything more than a frontier incident, but now that they are being equipped with medium nuclear artillery they are feeling much better. "Commanders are delighted with their new weapons and make no bones about saying that they will use them if ever their troops are being overrun in land fighting. Training is now almost exclusively concerned with the use of tactical nuclear weapons to control the battlefield. Increasing responsibility for deciding when to use these weapons is being put on such relatively junior officers as brigade commanders."

The Army of the Rhine also is getting away from the idea that it is defending a line and not an area. As their ambitions rise, "The soldiers are quite determined not to leave it to the politicians to tell them when to fire the weapons. The idea of political control raises the blood pressure of these professionals." After talking with them, *The Economist* correspondent's blood pressure went up, too. "An alarming business," he found it.

The situation is a technological one and it is the same on the sea as on the land. Here is the nuclear submarine *George Washington* putting out for the Arctic shores of the Soviet Union with sixteen Polaris missiles ready to fire, each carrying a hydrogen warhead. Her total fire power is greater than that of all the explosives used by both sides in World War II. Her skipper is a Commander named J. B. Osborn. Presumably he is a dependable man, but no one is dependable enough to hold the fate of mankind in his hands. Suppose, by some aberration, misunderstanding or "catalytic" action on the part of a third power, that he should fire his missiles—could President Kennedy recall the warheads? When the press and radio extol these goings-on as great triumphs for peace and the survival of the free world, they are spewing forth drivel, no matter how sincere their views. What is actually happening is that all social authority is being ceded to the military, and when the crisis comes the ostensible centers of power will be found to be impotent.

Blackjacking the Press

Great institutions are not invulnerable. When *The New York Times* is unfairly attacked, the public — including a large section of the press — assumes that the world's greatest newspaper is well able to defend itself. But if the *Times* is unable to extricate itself from the trap sprung upon it in Montgomery, Alabama, other publications may sooner or later find themselves similarly caught. Consider the facts. The *Times* printed an ad appealing for funds to aid the defense of the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., who, at the time, was preparing his defense to a charge of non-payment of state taxes (he was subsequently acquitted). The ad came to the *Times* from a reputable advertising agency. It was sponsored by a committee which numbered among its endorsers Dr. Ralph Bunche, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Norman Thomas and A. Philip Randolph. The text of the ad, the accuracy of which *The Times* had no reason to question, proved ultimately to have contained a single misstatement: the dining hall of Alabama State College for Negroes in Montgomery had not been padlocked as a result of student demonstrations, as the ad charged. L. B. Sullivan, a local police commissioner who was not mentioned in the ad, elected to regard the misstatement as a reflection on his reputation as a public official. He sued the *Times*, and certain other defendants, for $500,000 damages, which an all-white jury has just awarded him. It is conceded that the commissioner had not been damaged, i.e., that his reputation had not been impaired. It is also clear that the purpose of the action was to punish the *Times* and not to redress an injury. "Newspapers have got to tell the truth," the commissioner's counsel argued to the jury. "One way to get their attention and the attention of everybody else who publishes a newspaper is to hit them in the pocketbook." The more so, of course, when the form of the action, for all practical purposes, insures a verdict for the plaintiff.

The Montgomery formula is so simple and effective that it is certain to be applied elsewhere. It has always been possible for a community to apply murderous pressures to a local publication, but it has not been so easy to bring the "outside" publication to heel. Now this loophole has been closed. For example, should a community in any of the fifty states feel aggrieved at some uncomplimentary reference to its mores in a "foreign" publication, it could always find some local official willing to bring an action for damages. Where local prejudice is strong, the results of such an action are likely to be foreordained; after all, the purpose is not to compensate the plaintiff, but to punish the interloper.

So far, the press has been in no hurry to spring en masse to the defense of the *Times*. Yet just as Commissioner Sullivan is not the real plaintiff in Montgomery, so the *Times* is not the real defendant; the unnamed defendant is the press itself, in all sections of the country, South as well as North. A dangerous precedent is in the making.

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WHY KENNEDY WON . . *by Louis H. Bean*

BEFORE I explain why I think the election of Senator Kennedy is the result of Catholic pride winning over Protestant prejudice, let me set the political stage as it appeared at the beginning of 1960 in the months before the conventions. A close election was then already in prospect. With the nomination of Senator Kennedy to oppose the Vice President, the Catholic issue became a reality. It was commonly believed that this presumed handicap, added to the Republicans' allegation that in Nixon and Lodge they had a team of maturity and experience, made it fairly certain that the country would again turn down a Catholic Democrat as it did in 1928. The whole election process from conventions through the TV debates was an effort to equalize the "images" of the two teams, thus making more certain that the outcome would be close. But a careful reading of the 1928 experience applied to the prospect of a close election, and ample evidence that in 1960 the number of Catholics voting for a Catholic would outweigh the number of non-Catholics voting against him, indicated to me that we would find Kennedy on the winning side.

What was the evidence of a close election in 1960? And did voters in 1960 behave as they did in 1928 on the religious issue?

EARLY this year it was reasonably clear that the two parties were more evenly divided than in 1956. The Democrats rated 42 per cent in the 1956 popular vote for Stevenson, but at least two major factors which contributed to Stevenson's defeat would play no role in 1960. These factors were Eisenhower's popularity and the Suez crisis. On the basis of the evidence described below, I concluded that the 1960 Democratic potential strength was probably about 50-52 per cent instead of the 42 per cent of 1956, and that even though this represented an 8 to 10 percentage-point gain over Democratic strength in 1956, it foreshadowed a close election, with considerable doubt as to the winner. Before 1948, we used to figure that a Democratic candidate had to have at least 52 per cent of the popular vote to win.

The basic evidence consisted in the fact that Stevenson's 45 per cent vote in 1952 fell short by about 5 percentage points of the vote he should have had in view of the total vote cast for Congressional candidates. This shortage I attribute primarily to the complex of Republican advantages in 1952 which may be summed up in the phrase "Eisenhower popularity." In the 1956 election, Stevenson's 42 per cent fell short by about 10 percentage points of what he should have had in view of the Democratic vote for Congressmen. From the Gallup and other polls during the last few days before the 1956 election, we know that Eisenhower's curve against Stevenson jumped by about 5 percentage points with the development of the Suez crisis. Thus 5 points for Eisenhower's popularity plus another 5 points for the impact of the international situation on the course of the campaign meant that Stevenson's potential strength in 1956 was 50 to 52 per cent instead of 42. Economic prosperity like that of 1956 was expected to last well through 1960. Even though the unemployment rate might tend to be somewhat above that of 1956, the fact did not alter the general appraisal of a close election. Furthermore, a 10-point Democratic gain for 1960 was also indicated in polls I had occasion to conduct in March of this year on the probable strength of a Stevenson-Kennedy ticket that might arise out of a convention deadlock.

The convention choices of Nixon and Kennedy did not alter the prospect of a close election. Kennedy chose Johnson to make sure of carrying the Southern states, while Nixon countered by selecting Lodge to present the voters with a ticket of "maturity and experience." The first impact of these choices appeared to be a gain for the Republican ticket, especially in California, New York and in the North Central industrial areas, where anti-Johnson feeling prevailed. But the national and local public-opinion polls showed no major shift in either direction and corroborated the prospect of a close election by revealing that political sentiment was divided evenly in all major regions.

KENNEDY did not succeed in cutting down the Republican claim of greater maturity and wisdom in international affairs until the first TV debate. This and the subsequent debates made it quite clear that each party had chosen a relatively young man of ability and great intellectual capacity. The net effect of domestic and international issues raised in the debates, and the way they were repeated and handled many times in speeches all over the country, was to equalize the standing of the two candidates in nearly all respects, leaving the one major difference that could not be removed: religious affiliation.

The farm belt was supposed to be in revolt against Secretary Benson's efforts to lower farm price supports, organized labor and "organized" management were supposed to be very active in getting voters to register and vote, and the Negro voters were expected to shift to Nixon because they were supposed to dislike Senator Johnson, and dollar-minded people were supposed to be frightened by the threat of inflation if Kennedy were elected. Nevertheless the polls kept on showing close races in practically all states, and all public-opinion pollsters were of necessity careful to indicate that they could not tell what the final outcome would be.

In spite of efforts by both candidates to remove the religious issue from the campaign, there was ample and continuing evidence that the issue was dividing voters in much the same way as it had done in 1928, and that many more voters than

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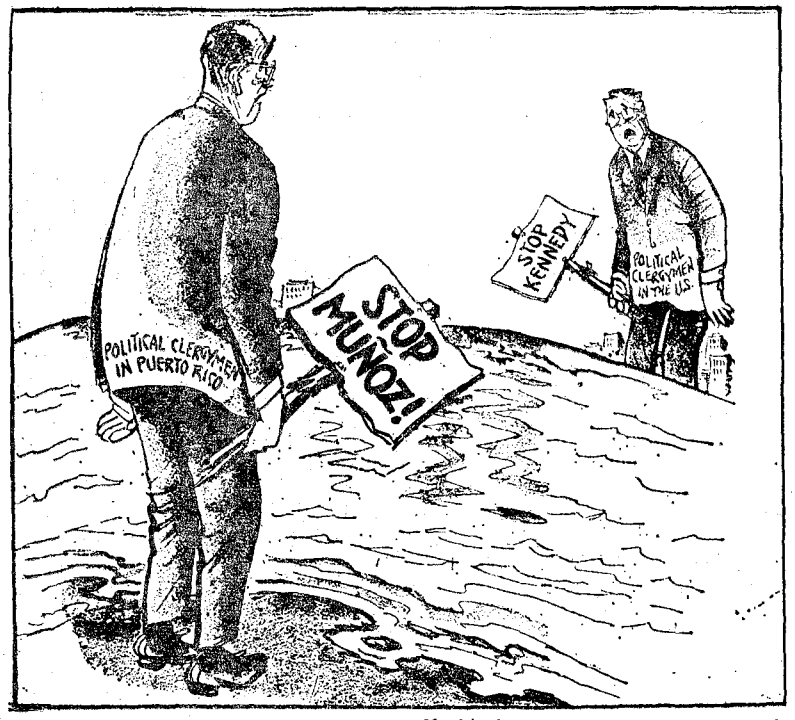

Herblock in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"We didn't do so well either."

usual were undecided chiefly because of it. Yet this very issue, it was clear to me, was the key to the election.

For a long while, in fact ever since James A. Farley indicated a willingness to oppose Roosevelt's third term in 1940 and was advised that a Catholic couldn't be elected, I have held the view that in a close election a Catholic Democratic candidate could win. This conclusion was based on my statistical study of the impact of the religious issue in the voting in 1928, state by state. While most people still believe that Al Smith lost because of his religion, my findings showed that his being a Catholic brought him more votes in the Northeast than turned away from him in the South and Midwest. Religion gave him a net advantage, but not enough to offset the fact that in 1928 the country as a whole was only about 45 per cent Democratic. Had the two parties rated about 50-50 in 1928, I believe Al Smith would have won. The reasoning behind this is that if the national vote is evenly divided, Northern states will tend to be Republican and Southern states Democratic, but the net advantage of Catholic support would have put more Northern states in Al Smith's column than the one state of Massachusetts which he gained. The simple fact is that a 10-15 point gain in some of the populous Northeastern states, where most Catholic voters are located, far outweighs 20 to 30 point losses in Southern states with fewer votes, popular as well as electoral.

AS STUDENTS begin digging into the details of the 1960 results, they will find many facts on which they will say the outcome depended. For example, it has already been suggested that Kennedy obtained the election by winning Texas because of Southern reaction against the rough treatment given to Mrs. Lyndon Johnson by Dallas hoodlums.

In all states where the election was won or lost by narrow margins, similar specific episodes will be cited. But the overriding feature in this election is extremely similar to that of 1928: states where Catholics are relatively numerous gave Kennedy more support than he would have had were he not a Catholic. In other states his support was reduced.

The table on this page may be taken as a tentative illustration of the way the religious issue affected the vote. It should be borne in mind that the vote figures used are subject to change as final tabulations become available. The figures on the Catholic segment of church membership are those of the National Council of Churches, and while not quite up to date are usable as a rough measure of Catholic concentration if not as a measure of actual voting strength. The pluses and minuses in the middle column represent in percentage points by how much the Democratic vote exceeded or fell behind what one would normally expect when the national vote divides 50-50 as it did this year.

Note that in Rhode Island, where Kennedy received 65 per cent of the vote, I estimate a plus of about 18 percentage points. In Massachusetts, he received 61 per cent of the vote and a plus of about 18 points. In Connecticut, where he received 54 per cent, the plus amounted to about 9 points; in New York, where he received 53 per cent, it totaled 6.

Kennedy pluses also show up in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois and California where, on the basis of latest counts, he received approximately 50 to 51 per cent of the votes cast. Here the pluses range between 2 to 7 percentage points. The fact that these pluses occur in states with the heaviest Catholic concentra-

Democratic Percentage of Popular Vote for Kennedy and Catholic Proportion of Church Membership in Selected States

	% vote for Kennedy	% points above or below normal[1]	Catholic % in total church membership
N.C.	52	—14	2
Tenn.	46	—15	3
Okla.	41	—15	8
Va.	47	—20	8
Ky.	47	— 8	20
Kan.	40	— 4	23
Ind.	45	— 5	27
S.D.	42	— 5	29
Mo.	51	— 4	31
N.D.	44	— 3	34
O.	47	0	41
Wis.	48	+ 1	46
Pa.	51	+ 2	46
N.Y.	53	+ 6	50
Ill.	50[2]	+ 7	50
Mich.	51	+ 9	52
Calif.	50[2]	+ 2	54
Conn.	54	+ 9	62
N.J.	50[2]	+ 5	64
Mass.	61	+18	72
R.I.	65	+18	78

[1]For any national Democratic percentage there are corresponding state percentages. The plus and minus figures are based on state percentages corresponding to a 50 per cent Democratic vote nationally.
[2]Approximate.

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tions definitely suggests that at least a number of these would today be in the Nixon column were it not for the additional support from Catholic voters. With the latest count giving Kennedy 300 electoral votes and a popular vote of only 50.1 per cent, it is clear that the religious factor worked tellingly in his favor. Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York supply 73 electoral votes to Kennedy's total of 300, which represents a surplus of 31 votes over the required 269. The other three states—New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Illinois — supply 75 electoral votes.

Conversely there are eleven states with relatively few Catholics where anti-Catholic bias was sufficient to reduce Kennedy's percentage below 50. These states, Florida, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, Oklahoma, Arizona, Nebraska, Utah, Montana and Oregon, represent a total of 84 electoral votes. Thus the religious issue apparently added more electoral votes to Kennedy's column than it took away. Without this net gain, Kennedy would not have had the required minimum of 269.

The relationship shown here may be summarized by pointing out that states having about 60 per cent Catholic church membership gave Kennedy approximately 10 per cent more of the popular vote than he would have received had the religious factor not been present; states having only 20 per cent Catholic church membership tended to give him 10 per cent less of the popular vote.

There are many factors that will need to be examined in detail before we will have a completely satisfying analysis of what happened in this election. For example, in the light of the religious element, the outcome in Maryland and West Virginia was surprising, while in the farm belt Democrats were greatly disappointed. There the reason seems to be clear. As Donald Murphy of *Wallace's Farmer* has pointed out, farmers normally tend to look to the Democratic Party for income, to the Republicans for peace. The religious issue added to their concern about peace and prevented Kennedy from getting the kind of farm support that Truman obtained in 1948. Other examples are the apparent failure of the "labor vote" to rise to the pre-Eisenhower Democratic levels, and the apparent failure of Nixon's efforts over the years to increase Republican support among Negroes.

I KNOW that many will be surprised by the main point of this analysis — i.e., that on balance Al Smith was actually helped by the religious issue and that it was this same factor which gave Kennedy his winning electoral margin in an unusually close popular vote. The general tendency is to look upon the religious factor in terms of its most dramatic manifestation, the activities of highly prejudiced persons and groups, which came to light in this election as it did in 1928. But prejudice is only one side of the religious-issue coin, and not as important as most people think. In fact, when one balances the Protestant anti-Kennedy vote against the Protestant pro-Kennedy vote in this year's election, the net is a gain for Kennedy. According to a Gallup pre-election poll, Protestant voters were expected to go 40 per cent for Kennedy, Catholic voters 79 per cent for him, and Jewish voters, 78 per cent. This represents a 3-point gain over Stevenson's percentage among Protestants and Jews, and a 28-point gain among Catholics.

We need to sharpen our notions as to religious prejudice in politics. "Prejudice" does not cover the subject; a more important aspect is pride. When Jews vote for a Jewish candidate, it is not because they expect that David Ben-Gurion will give up his job of running Israel and move to Albany or the White House. It is a matter of pride, as it was in the case of German-Americans voting for Willkie in 1940. So I think it was pride that led many Catholics to vote for a Catholic, Kennedy, but prejudice that led those Protestants who are traditionally Democratic to vote against him. And many more, I believe, voted from pride than from prejudice.

THE JOB AS PROPERTY . . *by William Gomberg*

HARRY BRIDGES of the West Coast Longshoremen and Paul St. Sure of the Pacific Maritime Association have just pioneered a new agreement on work rules that is greatly influencing the pattern of settlements of outstanding disputes in this area of labor-management relations. Morris Weissberger of the Sailors Union of the Pacific, as well as the West Coast Teamsters Union, whose work is closely tied in with the Longshoremen, are already taking steps to make use of the Bridges-St. Sure pattern.

The longshoring industry has been subjected to extensive, forced-draft technological changes within a very short period of time. More changes have taken place in the last few years than in all of the time since the power derrick was first developed.

Close attention to shipping led the defense arm of the federal government to conclude that the bottleneck in making more effective use of available shipping was the turnaround time required to load and unload the ship. The Maritime Administration and the Department of Commerce requested the National Research Council of the National Academy of Sciences to set up a special group to study the problem. A maritime research advisory committee was created to look into a proposed program aimed at revolutionizing shipping design. Now under way, this program is leading to ships designed to operate with a much

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lower seagoing complement than presently required for a full crew, and a much smaller longshoring gang to load and unload. In the meantime, private research has led to newly designed ships that have revolutionized conventional practices for manning both the seagoing complement and the longshoring gang.

Completely new methods of handling cargo through "containerization," "unitization" and "fishy-backing" materially decrease the demand for longshoremen. With the conventional break-bulk cargo methods, large gangs of longshoremen were required to load and unload the sling loads. With the new methods, only two men may be required where sixteen were once used.

Containerization and unitization are techniques for prepackaging cargo at the factory, loading it once on a truck, then unloading the container from the truck by placing two lines on either end and swinging it into the hold of the ship. The use of this method eliminates all of the tedious loading and unloading that is characteristic of break-bulk methods. Fishy-backing treats the truck trailer as the container. The trailer itself is driven onto the ship, virtually eliminating altogether the need for longshoremen.

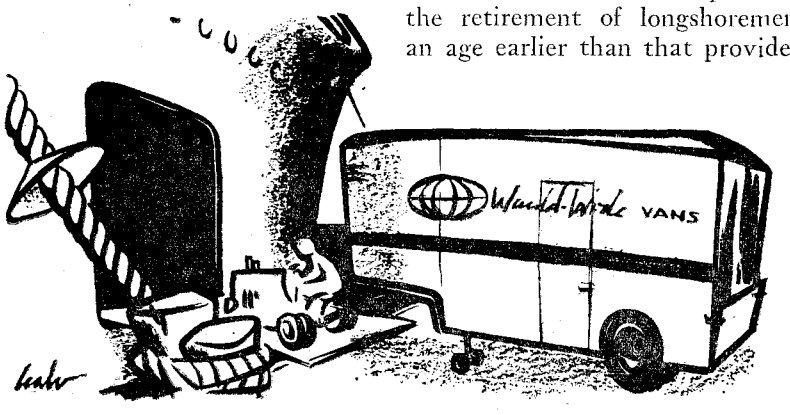
AS THOUGH all of this were not enough, the National Research Council set up a separate Maritime Cargo Transportation Conference to streamline the conventional methods of break-bulk cargo handling. After looking for a research site where they would receive the most hospitable treatment from both unions and management, the group chose the San Francisco waterfront. Although the usual types of friction developed over details, all involved now agree that the two years of investigation were fruitful.

Pacific Coast ship lines like Matson and Grace have maintained their own research departments that have been using the newest research techniques to revolutionize methods of handling shipping. Under the new agreement, all of these methods may now be used without restrictions.

In anticipation of the Bridges-St. Sure agreement, the Bridges union had negotiated a preliminary one with the employers' group in July, last year, under which the employers declared themselves ready to set up a $1.5 million fund to be used as recompense to workers for all of the labor-saving devices that had been introduced up to that time. In the preliminary document, no basis was provided for the distribution of the money; both the union and management looked upon the fund as a token payment by employers in recognition of the union's equity in a solution to the problem of technological displacement. Such a solution is now advanced in the second, detailed agreement.

This provides payment by employers of a sum of $5 million annually for five years (the original $1.5 million is to be added to the total) into a fund to protect workers against displacement. Specifically, the money will supplement wage payments for work opportunities lost by increased mechanization for all presently registered longshoremen and clerks, minus the normal attrition; in other words, it will finance what amounts to a guaranteed annual wage-payment plan for the remaining labor force. In addition, the fund will be used to provide for the retirement of longshoremen at an age earlier than that provided in the Social Security Act. After twenty-five years of service, reached at any age up to sixty-two, a longshoreman can retire voluntarily and receive $220.00 per month until his Social Security payments begin, at which time an adjustment is made. On the other hand, workers who reach age sixty-two with twenty-two years of service must retire with payment of $320.00 per month until Social Security payments begin (at age sixty-five), when an adjustment is made.

In return, the employers have bought back practically all of the work rules tending to retard the introduction of labor-saving devices. What is most interesting in the agreement is a sentence referring to any anticipated stoppage over possible safety violations: "The union pledges in good faith that health and safety will not be used as a gimmick." Lacking other protection in their contracts, labor unions have been habitually using the alleged imperilment to health and safety as their main argument against the introduction of labor-saving devices.



THE significance of this agreement is the rational way it treats the problem of worker displacement by the frank recognition of the workers' property right in his job.

The new program for severance payments of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union is very closely related to the same concept of the job as a property right. The union is endeavoring to include within its contracts a provision for the accumulation of a fund that will be paid to the workers in the event that an employer goes out of business. This is particularly important for older workers in an industry where, it is estimated, there is as much as a 33 per cent turnover in the number of employers going in and out of business. Hitherto, it has been taken for granted that a liquidating enterprise had only two responsibilities: for its liabilities to the bondholders, and for its equities to the stockholders. Now a new property interest is established: the enterprise also becomes responsible for the property loss of its workers. In other words, a basis for assessing

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the property value of a job begins to emerge when we think in terms of capitalizing the earning power of the job of which its holder is deprived.

The signing of the Bridges-St. Sure agreement marks employer acceptance of this basic idea. Hitherto, practically all discussions of work-rule problems have proceeded upon a set of assumptions implicitly accepted by both sides. Management has implied that it is entitled to a level of worker effort just short of the worker's physiological and psychological limits. The trade unions never openly rebelled against this concept; rather, adapting their arguments to it, they usually couched discussion about rules in terms of health and safety. If the problem of unemployment through technological displacement was raised at all, it was never in terms of work rules, but in terms of reducing the number of working hours and raising the hourly pay. Health and safety became a game which both parties played. The employers would express righteous indignation that health and safety were gimmicks seized upon to disguise "make work" rules. The workers doggedly would continue to try to assert an emerging property right which they seldom acknowledged even to themselves. The rituals of our society were not yet ready to accommodate this job-property concept; and so, conservatively, the workers sought to attain their objectives by complying with the conventional rituals.

IN A SENSE, both the leadership of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union and the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union have extended the property right of the worker in his job. Their whole approach is one of capitalizing the worth of the job in exchange for the worker's title to it. It is an answer to the question: How do you "phase out" those members of the work force whose jobs have become obsolete? It is an extension of Professors Commons' and Perlman's theory of jobs as property rights to a new area of collective bargaining. And it is a tribute to the paradox of America's cultural pluralism that an avowed Marxist should be pioneering the property concept for workers in America's pragmatic experimental society, and thereby earning encomiums on the editorial pages of papers like the San Francisco *Chronicle*. We are presented with the paradox of Harry Bridges cooperating to streamline free enterprise while conservative bodies like the International Typographical Union are still struggling with a membership that refuses to surrender rights to "bogus," the make-work practice of reproducing for the scrap box already set-up advertising.

The Bridges-St. Sure pattern answers some important questions, but it leaves unanswered the most important one of all: How can a rising population continue to share in an economy when the number of jobs upon which it must depend seems to be steadily going down.

Professor Charles C. Killingsworth testified before the Senate Subcommittee on Employment and Manpower that, despite the millions of words written on automation in the last ten years, there is very little solid information on its ultimate effects. He sees all of us as sitting complacently behind a Maginot Line of nineteenth-century ideas: for example, the popular belief that inventions and mechanical improvements always create more jobs than they eliminate. The problem of automation cannot be answered by the labor movement alone, and perhaps it is a tribute to their good sense that they recognize the fact. Meanwhile, they are striving to take care of their own.

THEY WALKED FOR PEACE . . *by Clayton C. Barbeau*

San Francisco

"WE'RE mercenaries," one of the pipers told a reporter that October day, "just paid to do a job." And, kilts flapping, pipes yowling, they started out from the War Memorial Opera House followed by over 2,000 non-kilted, non-mercenary marchers. Of no specific age group or type, the walkers yet seemed happily united; smiles were everywhere. "I think the turn-out was better the last time, we had about 5,000 then," a white-haired, scholarly looking man observed. A little Negro girl of about six or seven walked ahead of him bearing a sign reading: *Mary, Mary, quite contrary/Where did your garden go?* While the white woman holding her hand bore a placard which said: *H-Bombs Kill Kids.*

Monitors with blue arm bands hurried ahead to post themselves at intersections and see that the traffic signals were observed. "Two abreast, please," one monitor was urging, "two abreast, leave room for the passers-by." But there were few passers-by along this part of the route; there were only automobile salesmen, standing in front of the shrines to the latest models, staring at us. *Set the Pace for Peace,* a sign exhorted them. *Join us,* another implored, but without evident success. The salesmen did accept the leaflet that the woman ahead of me was handing out. A young boy was thrusting the same leaflet upon motorists waiting for the green light at intersections.

"Go back to Russia," a voice said near my ear and a man with a Nixon button on his lapel cut through the procession and hurried on his way.

A photographer dropped to one knee, adjusted his camera and took a pot shot at the marchers as we waited for the light to change so that we could cross Van Ness. A small band of people were stranded on the island in the middle of the

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thoroughfare and, in their midst, a bobbing poster read, *Frankly, I'm worried.*

The light changed and the monitor stepped into the street and urged the people across. "Don't pay attention to hecklers," he said. "Just smile and continue on your way."

"It's longer than I thought," somebody said, "look."

And I looked back, too, to see that the file behind us extended along Van Ness for at least six blocks. The head of the column, with its bagpipers, was now about six blocks ahead of us.

THE woman in front of me proffered leaflets to all whom we passed. About half of them preferred to look the other way, as if our passage embarrassed them. Others accepted the printed sheet. A photographer, balanced on the bumper of a car, snapped the column. We passed a bar. The men standing there already had leaflets and one of them said: "Vote for Kennedy; he'll give you peace." Another shouted at a bearded walker, "Hey, Castro, why aren't you in Cuba?"

We passed a theatre where people were going in for a matinee. They scurried past us, blind to a sign reading: *Radiation means Contamination means Extermination — Ban the Bomb.* Did they fear contamination from us? A stern-looking woman of about seventy, dressed in an expensive black suit and wearing a rhinestone lapel pin that spelled out Nixon, shouted at us: "Go to work! Then you'll have peace." Her young male companion scanned us expressionlessly.

A young man in a corduroy jacket leaned against a car and smiled. "It's really inspiring to see so many rational people," he said. "And all in one place."

"Why don't you join us?" asked the lady handing him a leaflet.

"I will," he responded as he took the leaflet. But he did not look at it. Instead, he continued to stand there shaking his head and smiling happily at the passing parade.

As we approached Union Square, the passers-by were more expensively dressed and shopkeepers stood in doorways to peep out at us. Three

women dressed in the peak of fashion were so engrossed in conversation that they entered the column and walked with us for almost half a block before one of them noticed anything. They scampered to the sidelines in confusion.

A matron glanced at the offered leaflet and struck at it violently. "I don't want peace at any price," she nearly screamed. One man glanced up at the sign that read: *Dona Nobis Pacem* and muttered, "Communist dupes." A white-haired woman and her husband each accepted a leaflet from the girl as we paused at another intersection. Then they joined our file, right in back of me. "I don't think they'll mind if we get in here," the old woman said softly.

WE PASSED the front entrance of the St. Francis Hotel. I looked back and saw a sign I had not noticed before: *Peace not Pandemonium.* Across the street, parts of the parade were filing into Union Square. The slogans bobbed up and down among the hedges: *A State with the H-Bomb Is like an Idiot with a gun; End the Arms Race Save the Human Race; A world without war or A war without a world; Destroy the Bomb.*

As the rally assembled in the square, the marchers were led in song by a group on the rostrum. An elderly man in a large, crudely scrawled sandwich board dazedly watched the invasion. *Jesus is coming SOON* his sign read, and cited texts on the need for abolishing Sunday and giving up the eating of pork, fowl and blood, among other things.

After all the participants were settled on the lawn, a Unitarian minister announced that both the local Democratic and Republican headquarters had been asked to send speakers to give their parties' views on disarmament, but neither side had accepted. Each of the two major candidates had been asked to send a statement. Vice President Nixon had failed to respond, but Senator Kennedy had sent a long telegram setting forth his views, which was read aloud.

Then Bob Pickus, executive secretary of Acts for Peace, spoke. Ben Seaver of the American Friends Service Committee and Ross Flanagan, assistant peace secretary, added their comments. Three salesmen in an expensive clothing shop across the street listened from draped windows of their second floor. A Kennedy caravan blasted past.

All of the speakers insisted that there was a path open other than war or surrender, but that our government has not been taking the initiative in exploring this third route: disarmament and the abolition of nuclear weapons. Again and again it was pointed out that the amount of money spent on the pursuit of peace is infinitesimal compared to the amount we spend on war preparation. Our per capita expenditure for the U.N., one speaker said, is 60c a year; our annual per capita expenditure on missile development and the arms race is approximately $291.

After the speeches, the children were given blue balloons with the words *Voice your vote for Peace* on them and the crowd began to disperse.

The street evangelist climbed upon a bench and harangued the departing crowd, telling them that Sunday was a day dedicated to sun worship and that we were all doomed unless

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we abolished it. Citing chapter and verse, he smashed his fist into his palm again and again. "The end of the world is imminent," he cried.

Just as I was remarking the absence of the Communists and their newspapers at our rally, a leaflet was handed to me bearing the imprimatur of the Communist Party of California. Now I, too, left, walking the concrete covered hills towards my home. I wondered why I had come. . . .

And then I remembered how Americans had often held the German people responsible for not speaking up when they saw where the policies of the Hitler regime were taking them. I knew now that I had come along because I wanted to do something for peace, if that something was only to walk for one mile through the city of San Francisco on a lovely fall day.

But I am still troubled, because I know that peace will require a greater sacrifice than this.

KEEPING FIT by MIMEOGRAPH . . *by Barry Schweid*

PEOPLE have prayed to the Almighty for many things. Primitive man prayed for rain for his crops, the children of Israel prayed for deliverance from Egyptian bondage. And now a Presidential commission, dear to the heart of President Eisenhower, would have the youth of America pray that they may put aside flabbiness.

The evangelism that emanates from the press releases and the speeches of the President's Council on Youth Fitness combines, in its magical style, the Lord's Commandments and "virile strength." The council's tracts are more than faintly reminiscent of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale (who is quoted in one). Characteristic is a document titled "A Prayer for the Fitness of Youth." Complete to the proper "Amen," printed in a type face often employed by publishers of religious tracts, and with a sketch of hands clasped in prayer, it intones:

> . . . We pray that we will achieve and maintain human fitness, embracing the dignity of work, the initiative to strive, the courage to seek opportunity, the incentive to improve our moral fiber, the power of will and self-discipline, together with the strength of body in which all men's faculties are housed.

First-ranked among council missionaries is Dr. Shane MacCarthy, a political scientist and lecturer who once was identified with the Central Intelligence Agency. With the intensity of an aroused Billy Graham looking sin smack in the eye, MacCarthy deplores the youth that thirsts after "an illusion of security."

Talking with MacCarthy in his comfortable suite in the General Accounting Office Building in Washington is like being closeted with a preacher who has the key to man's salvation at his fingertips. This dedicated man delays a White House appointment long enough to emote on the "decay of dry rot" he sees gnawing at America's youth. He really must rush off, but not before one final point: "Youth fitness may be the keystone to America's survival."

The inspirational process is enhanced by a tour of the council offices, including a room papered with multicolored posters of children of the unflabby variety at play, keeping in trim, mentally alert, physically fit and morally strong.

The council has been telling the youth of America to get up and go since 1956, when an Eisenhower executive order noted that "It is imperative that the fitness of our youth be improved and promoted to the greatest possible extent." MacCarthy, a native of Cork, Ireland, who was naturalized as an American in 1935, was sworn in as executive director in September, 1958. The President's interest in the council is expressed in a letter from Vice President Nixon, read at the ceremony by Sherman Adams. "Personally," Nixon wrote, "I want to thank you for taking on this important assignment in a field which is so important to the youth of our country, and which carries with it the close personal interest of the President."

In establishing the council, the President at once limited its power and expressed a philosophy long identified with him—the struggle for youth fitness should not be an "overriding federal program"; rather, "the fitness of our young people is essentially a home and local community problem." Thus, the council has come to think of itself as a "catalyst" and has difficulty enumerating achievements with which it can be credited directly. Its function is that of a missionary, to "activate, urge and shove youth-serving agencies and the communities to get on the ball," as one council official put it. The word "fitness" is stressed. According to MacCarthy, it is quite a word, for it embraces "all factors in the human being: senses, intellect, will and physique, so interlocked that they cannot be unraveled. In this lineup, the prime concern of the council is with the current inertia seen in physical inactivity habits of our children, which beget sedentary, phlegmatic and passive attitudes."

NOSTALGIA overtakes MacCarthy as he recalls the good old days "when the daily pattern for most people included physical work." In those marvelous times, "The mind was alert—perhaps to the drudgery and the small pay; the will was disciplined to perform and the body was active. This is in accordance with the nature of man. But robbing the mind, the will and the body of the constant challenge of work and action causes a stultifying process with stagnation and human rot the inevitable and dire consequence." He adds omi-

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nously, "Other civilizations learned this lesson too late."

The council, with a budget of $150,000 a year, concedes that it is hard to measure its success in holding off America's day of doom. MacCarthy notes in a bulletin that "In fact, the council will not even be identified with a considerable amount of the activity it engenders." Since its inception in 1956, the council has held three annual meetings and eight fitness forums (including one in Washington last February of religious leaders). Composed of six Cabinet members and the Administrator of Housing and Home Finance, with the Secretary of the Interior as Chairman, the council has a working staff of about ten, including secretaries and receptionists. Seventy-four persons who are supposed to represent all sections of the nation and all walks of life hold one-year terms on an advisory committee.

And then there is the multitude of its press releases. In one of them, another champion of fitness, James F. Kelly, Vice President and Creative Supervisor of Ellington & Company, New York, writes that he has watched "the pendulum swing from the 'enlightened' de-emphasis of the thirties to the 'scholarly' de-emphasis of the fifties," and adds: "There ought to be a special sports seminar for several college presidents I could name to you."

While the misguided academicians dive for cover, Kelly moves on to this interesting observation: "The way to make sports news these days is to favor an unashamed return to the argument that a team is supposed to win—as gracefully as possible. Not to build character by losing—as gracefully as possible. About all losing gracefully can teach a boy —as I see it—is how to lose."

How do we grow a crop of American winners? How do we pin the Russians' ears back at the next Olympics? How do we all turn over a new fitness leaf?

We start, says MacCarthy, with more self-discipline. "Youth wants and admires discipline and too often adults give them license. Youth loves roughness and adults tend to give them ease." Does it work? MacCarthy says his own experience with his five sons tells him that discipline and affection go hand in hand. Now fifty-two, MacCarthy is an avid bicyclist and has torn up a garden to make way for a basketball court.

NEVER asleep, the men of Madison Avenue have sprung, with all the vigor their physical fitness allows, at the commercial potentialities so obviously revealed. Both the Public Relations Society of America and the Advertising Council are cooperating in the President's program. The council, of course, endorses no product, and doles out no money, but it is happy that business firms are wedding the council's message to their own.

Some companies do seem to take the community's interest to heart. A coal company in West Virginia has granted land to the city of Montgomery to be set aside and developed as a sports park and in Charleston, in the same state, a bank has opened its parking lot for use as tennis courts after business hours.

In advising supermarkets how to use parking lots for hopscotch, handball and other games, the council reminds the merchant that the plan is "a two-way street." The non-spiritual dollar seems not forgotten as the council coyly reminds that, "Public-relations benefits of this kind need no complete spell-out. Whenever good work of this kind is done . . . the community's appreciation and good will expresses itself. Broadly. Immediately. Effectively."

The breakfast cereal that made Jack Armstrong an All-American boy (a fitness image pre-dating the council) is hawked over television by a former Olympic athlete who puts fitness next to godliness. A leading soft-drink company backs the Babe Ruth Leagues for baseball-minded youngsters. The American Machine and Foundry Company, which manufactures bowling equipment, promotes fitness through bowling. And even the prune industry answers the bell with a reminder that prunes keep you fit.

Does all this emphasis on fitness mean that the council would have us evolve into a race of American supermen? Definitely not, says council staffers. That would be regimentation.

Revolt of the French Intellectuals . . *by Marcelle A. Abell*

Paris

THE EXTRAORDINARY series of events which in the last few months have revealed the depth of the split in French thinking about the Algerian war can be said to have started last February with *L'Affaire Jeanson*. Francis Jeanson, philosopher, is the author of several books, two of them on Jean-Paul Sartre, with whom he served as co-editor of *Les Temps Modernes* from 1951-1956. In 1955, Jeanson collaborated with his wife on a book called *L'Algerie Hors la Loi*. Designed to show that good intentions were not enough in a colonial power, the book was a brilliant exposition of Moslem grievances in French Algeria.

Then, on February 16, this year, the French Security Services announced the discovery of an important network, operating on the French mainland, which was serving the cause of the Algerian insurgents — i.e., the F.L.N. A Moslem, said to be the head of the ring, was arrested in the South of France, and various documents in his possession gave police the proof they had long been seeking that Jeanson and some

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of his associates were implicated. (The Jeanson group had earlier aroused police suspicion because of numerous trips members had taken to Belgium, Switzerland and, especially, Bonn, which was an important center of the arms traffic to the F.L.N.)

The police arrived too late at Jeanson's house to arrest him; he had already fled. But Jeanson's close associate was caught, and in the latter's house searchers found car registrations, apartment keys and coded messages which subsequently led to additional arrests. In the end, twenty-six persons were charged with threatening the security of the state—six North Africans and twenty Frenchmen. Though in hiding, Jeanson did not keep silent. In April, he gave an unrepentant interview to the foreign press. He also, while in hiding, published a short book in which he explained that he had been led to his present position by his sympathy for the young Frenchman who is called to fight in Algeria against his most profound convictions, and forced to participate in military and police actions that revolt him deeply.

THE JEANSON CASE — without Jeanson, still at liberty and in hiding — was brought before a military court on Sept. 6 — the very court, interestingly enough, in which the Dreyfus case was heard so many years ago. The evidence shocked the French public, but also brought enlightenment. The fact that French men and women would actively give aid and comfort to the enemy dismayed even those Frenchmen — and they probably constitute the majority in France — who feel that the Algerian war is horrible and unjust and wish prayerfully for its end. To work for peace is one thing; to work for the enemy, quite another.

On the other hand, as the testimony evolved, it became clear that the defendants, culturally speaking, were of the cream of France: writers, artists, actors. And it became equally clear that whatever they had done had been prompted by sincere conviction that their cause was just and, in the long run, best for France.

The course of the trial was marked by controversies over procedures and semantics which brought into sharp focus the inner contradictions of the government's position vis-à-vis Algeria. France asserts, of course, that Algeria is French, and the judge forbade anyone in court to use the term Algerian *war*, since technically a country cannot be at war with its own citizens. The necessity of distinguishing, in the courtroom, between the North African defendants and those from France yielded unending juridic and semantic difficulties. Both, in the eyes of the court, were legally and equally French citizens, and their guilt was therefore technically the same. And yet it was not the same.

The defendants did not trouble to deny the specific acts charged against them; they decided to defend not themselves as individuals, but their cause. A few insisted that they had not *knowingly* worked for the F.L.N. But even among those, several (apolitical at the time of their arrest) had come to share the convictions of their co-defendants. A large number of distinguished witnesses were called in behalf of the accused. Sartre wrote a letter from Brazil praising them and their activities. Vercors, Claude Roy and other writers, as well as a number of eminent professors and political figures, compared the rebellion of the defendants against the growing power of the French Army to the anti-Nazi underground during World War II. Even witnesses who did not agree with the defendants testified to their high character and patriotism.

Sentence was passed on October 3: seventeen were convicted, nine acquitted. Fourteen of the convicted were condemned to the maximum penalty of ten years in prison and a heavy fine; other penalties ranged from eight months' to three years' imprisonment.

WHILE the Jeanson case was proceeding, France was shattered by another ideological bomb: a manifesto, signed by 121 French intellectuals, upholding the right of Frenchmen to refuse to serve in the Algerian war. Included among the signers were writers like Jean-Paul Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, André Breton, Alain Robe-Grillet, Claude Roy, Nathalie Sarraute, Vercors and Adamov; critics like Maurice Nadeau and Oliver de Magny; the philosopher André Lefebvre, the painter André Masson, the actress Simone Signoret, and Alain Resnais, director of the film *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*. These are great names, not only in France but the world over.

The manifesto was published in July, but apparently it did not come to the attention of the government until two months later. Immediately, possession of the manifesto, reproducing it in any form, or distributing it, was declared to be a crime against the state. And early in October the police unleashed a series of searches, arrests and interrogations among Leftist publications for the purpose of finding out who had been originally responsible for writing and distributing it.

The first raid took place on the editorial offices of the liberal magazine *Esprit*. A misunderstood telephone conversation had led the police to think they were pouncing on a nest of conspiracy; what they actually pounced upon was a routine editorial meeting. Nevertheless, the police did find several copies of the manifesto on the premises. This led to the detention for several weeks of Robert Barrat, one of the editors. He was finally released after great public clamor; it was pointed out that not only had Barrat not been

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An American Endorsement

Fifty-two professors from M.I.T. and Brandeis, Boston and Harvard universities last week signed a declaration expressing admiration "for those Frenchmen who courageously signed a manifesto against military service in the Algerian war on grounds that it violates their conscience, and who are now facing the sanctions and punitive actions of the state." Among the signers were Professors Paul Tillich, Perry Miller, David Riesman, Harry T. Levin, Irving Howe, H. Stuart Hughes and Barrington Moore, Jr.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Celebration, Adoration and Wonder

LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN. By James Agee and Walker Evans. Houghton Mifflin Co. 471 pp. $6.50.

Erik Wensberg

IT BEGINS to appear that we are present at the court's reversal and *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* is to be widely acknowledged a great book. The merest culture-gossip knows the facts of this literary disaster case: that the book has just been reissued after nineteen years and that its first publication in 1941 met with almost universal critical and commercial disdain. As for our calling the book great, the application of the gray adjective at this late date is in one sense only a solemn game. James Agee is now dead. That we will consent today to read the book — his masterpiece—is our own gain. If we could repay him anything, perhaps we would do so in trying to understand a little about what he intended.

The most casually informed must also know in a general way what the book is: that it describes tenant farmers in Alabama, that its form is outside any literary convention, and that its prose is Agee at his most singular. The suggestions I have to make about *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* may have some bearing on its original failure. But none of them, nor all of them, can wholly explain that failure. It seems to have been sealed decisively by a spate of reviews as futile and beside the point as it is possible for literary editors and rushed reviewers to be in the course of business as usual.

In its present edition, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* is composed of a long prose work by James Agee, prefaced by sixty-two photographs by Walker Evans (twice the number in the original edition), the whole depicting three families of tenant farmers in Alabama in 1937. Walker Evans is as accomplished a photographer as the United States has ever produced and these photographs perfectly delineate the wretchedness, the beauty, the sheer actuality of their subjects. In one way, they are virtually unique: the Gudgers, the Ricketts, the Woods, and their homes, possessions and landscape appear before us with their own qualities foremost, not the photographer's; the reader of picture magazines may find such photographs remarkably lacking in style; there is nothing "exciting," nothing "richly dramatic" about them, and they have nothing to do with anyone's "good taste," only with the photographer's moral sense. They are the perfect companion to Agee's astonishing text.

That text is a variegated work resembling in its form nothing else in American letters. (The great works in American letters may resemble one another only in their "formlessness.") It is, in its own way, photographic, dwelling at great length on the appearance of a number of people, as well as the appearance of the land and objects with which they live. Calling attention to this verbally photographic style, I do not mean to imply that Agee's is the sort of sensuous performance that a writer like Dame Edith Sitwell presents to the ear. For his text is also deeply and explicitly involved in the moral intentions and effects of art, journalism, social science and religion. (Agee was, among other things, a remarkably well-educated man.) Exposure, in every sense but the newspaper sense, is his intention; and it is perfectly true, as many of the first reviewers fastidiously complained, that he is as deliberate and strenuous in exposing himself as in anything else. Here, addressing the families of whom he writes:

> How . . . seeing thus, how each of you is a creature which has never in all time existed before and which shall never in all time exist again and which is not quite like any other and which has the grand stature and natural warmth of any other and whose existence is all measured upon a still mad and incurable time; how am I to speak of you as "tenant" "farmers," as "representatives" of your "class," as social integers in a criminal economy, or as individuals, fathers, wives, sons, daughters, and as my friends and as I "know" you? Granted . . . that it is in all these particularities that each of you is that which he is . . . nevertheless, to name these things and fail to yield their stature, meaning, power of hurt, seems impious . . . seems traitorous in the deepest: and to do less badly seems impossible: yet in withholdings of specification I could but betray you still worse. . . .

It was, and in some places still is, fashionable to say that Agee wrote effusively. He embarrasses some people. (Dictum: all writers shall henceforth write like Camus, who is terse and *modern.*) I can only suggest that the above passage be reread and that the reader try believing what it says. It is all quite exact.

May it also be settled once and for all that *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* was written in absolute *un*-cooperation with the proletarian journalism-of-the-mind that was still the mental climate of much of intellectual New York in 1937 and 1941. Listen to Agee in a holy rage over the very use of the word "sharecropper" by leftist New York intellectuals of the time:

> . . . Not only is the word inaccurately used save where it is indigenous, and not only is it a dialect word, to which a conscientious "educated" person knows he has forfeited the right, even should he know its meaning accurately . . . but it has very swiftly, and within a few years, absorbed every corruptive odor of inverted snobbery, marxian, journalistic, jewish, and liberal logomachia, emotional blackmail, negrophilia, belated transference, penis-envy, gynecological flurry and fairly good will which the several thousand least habitable and scrupulous minds of this peculiarly psychotic quarter of the continent can supply to it; and it is one of the words a careful man will be watchful of, and by whose use and inflection he may take clear measurement of the nature, and the stature, and the causes, and the timbre, of the enemy.

James Agee was not a political man, and heaven knows *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* was never a political book. But that could scarcely have been an important reason for its first failure. Was it then simply a matter of literary difficulty?

I have said that the book's form resembles no other in American letters. Surely, in trying to account for the catastrophe of its first publication, one has to remember that no American critic had, by 1941, yet educated the literate public to the characteristic tendency of American literary art to be not only unclassical in its forms but also extreme

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in its interpretation of experience, morally equivocal, prophetic in tone, and peculiarly, sheerly energetic. Richard Chase and others have since done the job. But even in 1941, we took our Melville abridged, our Twain early but not often, and our Whitman, carefully, on Flag Day.

Two more matters must be mentioned if we are to hope to understand the book for what it was and what it is. First, it seems to be a flat fact about the modern literary mind that nothing in print can be too hideous or depressing to command its respect and attention. I do not say anything should be, only that nothing apparently has been. Cyril Connolly's prediction in the thirties that a man's seriousness would henceforth be measured by the depth of his despair has been fulfilled at least in the audience. One might wonder, then, whether our belief in the dreadful worst, our respect for despair, disgust, panic and the tragic likelihood, have not produced an unwanted side effect: a developing suspicion of such opposites as celebration, adoration and wonder. These last — celebration, adoration, wonder — are supremely the qualities of Agee's book and are the qualities of his relation to his subjects. Even in the worst extremities of their condition, he cannot fail to see or convey a beauty about these people:

> The young man's eyes had the opal lighting of dark oil and, though he was watching me in a way that relaxed me to a cold weakness of ignobility, they fed too strongly inward to draw to a focus: whereas those of the young woman had each the splendor of a monstrance, and were brass. Her body also was brass or bitter gold, strong to stridency beneath the unbleached clayed cotton dress, and her arms and bare legs were sharp with metal down. . . . The young man's face was deeply shaded with soft short beard, and luminous with death. He had the scornfully ornate nostrils and lips of an aegean exquisite. The fine wood body was ill strung, and sick . . . and the bone hands roped with vein. . . . There was in their eyes so quiet and ultimate a quality of hatred, and contempt, and anger, toward every creature in existence beyond themselves, and toward the damages they sustained, as shone scarcely short of beatitude; nor did this at any time modify itself.

At few points in this account of his sojourn with these families does Agee express righteous anger, horror, or fear of what he finds, or not in the ordinary ways. The effect, of course, is to render what he finds more angering, more fearful, more horrifying than could any exposé. And more beautiful, when Agee encounters beauty, than any possible paraphrase could convey.

THE section headed simply "Work" combines most typically Agee's astonishing absolute versatility of view and style, both having no other intention than to make the subject at hand real and actual to the extreme limits of the evocative power of words. The section begins with a meditation on the moral effect of the tenant farmers' employment. It is work from which they can neither profit nor for so much as a day escape, and which, in its meticulous futility, can scarcely leave their thoughts or do otherwise than rule their ill-fed and over-reaching bodies: it is, in short, the *de*forming and ceaseless function of their living. Yet before he can explain it, Agee must describe the families as they appear *during* work, for their appearance is also real: "The infants of three families, staggering happily, their hats held full of freshly picked cotton . . . delirious fawns and panthers; . . . Louise, lifting herself to rest her back, the heavy sack trailing, her eyes on you: . . . Mrs. Ricketts, in that time of morning when from the corn she reels into the green roaring glooms of her home, falls into a chair with gaspings which are almost groaning sobs, and dries in her lifted skirt her delicate and reeking head. . . ." This is followed by what the reader may take, for his limited purposes, as the most detailed, vivid and carefully instructive exposition available in print of the planting, cultivation, and picking of cotton. He is also given close description of the effect of the necessary movements upon the forearm, the back, the fingers, and the viscera of the human body. The appearance and action and effect of rain at various times of the season, and of the Army worm, are likewise laid before him; the transportation to the gin and the ginning process are not merely described but recreated.

Thus Agee's versatile prose is by turns minutely reportorial, "magical" (in the painter's sense of that word) and lyric, stately as legend, and always, I think, to be regarded as being at a greater or lesser distance from the bardic, which is its natural mode. One thinks sooner or later of the Bible. In short (and in spite of his strategic protestations that this is not a categorizable book), *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* is a religious work.

There is not space here to demonstrate this at length, but I have no doubt that when the book is officially proclaimed a classic, a battalion of scholars will uphold a description of it as religious. The superficial aspect is unmistakable; the smoke clearly indicates the source of the fire. The prose, for all that it is Joycean and Jamesian and Elizabethan and Melvillean and the rest of it, is most often written in the cadences of the Bible and the organ and the Protestant hymnal. The book's design, presented in a kind of program at the front, is that of a religious service. One moves from Verses (page 5) to Preamble (page 7) to Inductions (page 359) — which begins, for no explicit reason:

> I will go unto the altar of God:
> Even unto the God of my joy and gladness.
> Give sentence with me, oh God, that I may hear thee and defend. . . .

— to the signification of the triumphal recessional. A single sentence appears with finality on page 443, and it can be read only as a minister would speak it announcing a text: "Let us now praise famous men." One can hear a congregation rising. One turns the page, to the verse from Ecclesiasticus:

> Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us.
> The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning. . . .

Agee says in his preface that he wrote the book to be read aloud. As he also makes clear, that can't be done. But only by hearing as one reads do the cadences and ritual pauses and changes become clear.

In his memoir of Agee that opens this new edition, Walker Evans says (without making a great point of it): "His Christianity . . . was a punctured and residual remnant, but it was still a naked root emotion. . . . After a while, in a round-about way, you discovered that, to him, human beings were at least possibly immortal and literally sacred souls." I do not think that Evans says this in the vein of genial hyperbole that embarrassed Americans use in making large statements about each other. And I do not see how the religious nature of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* could be more apparent.

What was Agee's "residual" religion? I have no clear idea, nor is this the place to explore one if I had. But it seems to have been a religion involving reverence of his fellow men and the natural world — and that, in a twentieth-century educated urban Eastern American, seems scandalous enough to suggest the most genuine kind.

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Summerfield's Pride

U. S. MAIL: The Story of the United States Postal Service. By Arthur E. Summerfield as told to Charles Hurd. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 256 pp. $5.

MAILMAN U.S.A. By William C. Doherty. David McKay. 308 pp. $4.50.

Stanley Meisler

JOHN CRAMER of the *Washington Daily News* recently reported the mounting cries of complaint from Post Office workers under pressure to buy *U. S. Mail,* a book by the Department's leading literary critic, Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield. "Not enough of our employees have bought it," Cramer quoted some supervisors as telling postal workers. "It's been suggested we really ought to make a better showing. . . . We think you ought to give us an assist on this."

Summerfield, his voice muted in this book through an "as told to" collaborator, surveys postal history, describes and defends present programs of the Department, and prophesies a bit about mail transport in the post-Summerfield, space age. The book would rank among the dullest ever written but for the fact that it appears at about the same time that another writer has decided to cover the same material from a very different point of view. Placed side by side, the views tend to tangle.

Mailman U.S.A. comes from William C. Doherty, president of the National Association of Letter Carriers. Doherty is a jovial Irishman with a keen wit and, at least where Postmasters General are concerned, a bitter pen. He sees the history of the Post Office as a continual struggle between letter carrier unions seeking more pay and Postmasters General denying them. This bias distorts the postal picture a bit but, with Summerfield writing as if unions like the NALC did not exist, the sum of the two books, if the reader observes carefully, is an objective view of some postal problems.

Both authors agree that Summerfield tried to bring efficiency and modernization to a creaking postal operation when he took over the Department in 1953. Summerfield credits his administration with producing mechanized service, new buildings, sound money policies, good recruitment programs and faster ways of transporting mail. Doherty credits the administration with "manifold and manifest improvements," but immediately adds that "Summerfield's efforts have been only a fleabite compared to the over-all problem." Looking at seven and a half years of Summerfield, the union leader concludes that "the postal service has deteriorated in his administration, and it is getting worse each day."

In Doherty's view, Summerfield has spent too much time with machines and too little with men. "No matter how swiftly the mail is processed in its journey through a post office," Doherty says, "it will not reach its destination faster unless it is placed more quickly in the bag of the letter carrier." Doherty's chief solution: revoke the economy order of April 18, 1950, when Postmaster General Jesse Donaldson, Summerfield's predecessor, cut home deliveries to one a day, curtailed street collections and reduced by half parcel post deliveries to businesses. More service, of course, would mean more jobs.

AT THE HEART of the squabbling between Summerfield and Doherty lies a conflict over the purpose of the Post Office. Is it a business or a public service? Although the subtitle of his book, perhaps by oversight, calls it a service, Summerfield describes the Post Office as "the biggest business in the world" and asserts that it "can and must be placed on a basis of paying its own way." He adds: "It is the proper role of taxation to assume the burden of paying for such unmeasurable service provided for the equal good of all citizens. But in the Post Office, services are performed in the form of individual transactions — all measurable, all distinguishable, each from the other."

But Doherty argues that "the American people want their Post Office to be a service, not a cold-blooded business concern or a public utility." He finds it curious "that this question of supplying sufficient revenue to cover the cost of a salary increase is never brought up in the case of other federal employees." The Post Office, he continues, "should no more be expected to show a 'profit' than should the Department of Agriculture. . . ."

Neither man comes to grips with the most controversial and dangerous aspect of postal history, the Department's censorship of the mail, although Doherty does offer a few cogent comments on the subject. Summerfield strings together the Department's dullest press releases and his most banal speeches on the matter, and repeats his odd logic that the Post Office actually protects the mail by censoring it. He also continues to foster the misinformation that obscenity causes juvenile delinquency.

Doherty puts some new light on the problem when he reports that the same high-handed, unjust procedures used to censor mail are employed when the Department takes disciplinary action against an employee. "The office of Postmaster General is not a judicial one," Doherty says as he argues for the end both of censorship and of star-chamber proceedings against employees. "It was never intended to be such and should not be allowed to retain any of the judicial prerogatives with which it has become accidentally endowed over the years."

Doherty sums up the reign of Summerfield in a chapter titled, "The Trag-

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Go Down, Bright Sun

(From the German of Hölderlin)

Go down, bright sun; they counted
You but lightly, knew not your holiness
  Though you rose without toil
    And stilly over toilers.

Friendly your coming and going, O Light,
To my eye; I knew your Lordly glory
  For I have learned to worship Peace
    Since Diotima restored my soul.

Oh you, Heaven's messenger! how I listen for you!
You, Diotima! Love! how these eyes
  Look up from you to gold of day
    Dazzling and thankful. Then more alive

Streams rush, and dark Earth's blossoms
Breathe their love toward me,
  And smiling over silver cloudbanks
    Aether bends down in benediction.

ALBERT HOWARD CARTER

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edy of King Arthur." "It is ironic," Doherty writes, "that, despite his many real and permanent achievements, he will probably be remembered principally as the Postmaster General who made *Lady Chatterley's Lover* a best seller." In this regard, it is significant that Summerfield, in a book discussing all the ramifications of postal history and his administration, never once mentions *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. That is a measure of Summerfield's book, and of the man.

What Academy?

WONDERSTRAND REVISITED: A Cape Cod Sequence. By Charles H. Philbrick. Wake-Brook House. (Sanbornville, N. H.). 44 pp. $3.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE EVENING. By John Frederick Nims. Rutgers University Press. 96 pp. $3.

Walker Gibson

I WONDER if Cape Cod may not be an unhealthy place for poets. So much equipment for a bad poem is there: snobbishness to the other tourists, nostalgia for departed whalemen, sentimentality for birds and fish, and that yearning for the old mother where many a poor poet has drowned—the sea around us. These, at any rate, are some of the pitfalls not entirely avoided by Charles H. Philbrick, the title of whose little book, *Wonderstrand Revisited: A Cape Cod Sequence,* will suggest his wide-eyed approach.

As if dazzled by sand and sun, Mr. Philbrick utters sentiments whose romantic innocence is surprising coming from a professor of English at Brown. For instance, after observing "the great blue herons, tall as birds can be," he says that suddenly

> I am out
> Of me utterly, streamed down the hill, leaning me down
> To that dark dignity of neck, tall majesty of pace,
> And feel that I own this unbuyable cove, and, half-caring,
> Know in my inlaid adze of a skull what no huge-headed man
> Could study his lifetime to learn, no matter how long.
> Nor how heavy his telescope, high his dry hill.

Mr. Philbrick can echo skillfully, as you see, the long loose line and hard-sounding vocabulary of much modern poetry but, as with many modern poets, a soft heart beats within. Beware of the soft heart that saps the brain. The suggestion that a heron's knowledge is preferable, however briefly, to a man's knowledge is more than simply a *dated* assertion: it is *wrong*. Why do we indulge fancies in poems that we would hardly respect in prose?

Consider the familiar tag from Frost:

> One had to be versed in country things
> Not to believe the phoebes wept.

Mr. Philbrick is insufficiently versed in country things: too often his phoebes —or his blackfish—quite literally weep:

> Small blow-holes let their huge complaints;
> And many tiny eyes, unlidded, try to tear.

I know that sounds like comedy, and very good comedy too. But in the poem where those lines appear, with its appeal to "the heaped pain" of the dying fish, there is little doubt that the passage is intended solemnly indeed.

Stay away from that Cape — it's loaded.

SCANT justice can be done in this space to the poems of John Frederick Nims. The elegant verses in this new collection from his last decade's work are largely centered on European materials, especially in Italy and Spain, and we may if we like be reminded that Europe is still a richer poetic quarry than Cape Cod. But a more plausible explanation of Mr. Nims's success lies in the craftsmanship and wit and educated sensibility of the poet himself. The lines are tightly constructed and varyingly rhymed; the vocabulary ("Laocoön, out Lackawanna way") forces past and present into incongruous and witty contrasts that are funny or satirical or profound, but never sentimental. The great range of Mr. Nims's talent can be suggested, on the one hand, by "The Academy Disporting," a hilarious account of a faculty get-together and, on the other, by a series of octaves called "The Evergreen," a lyrical and moving elegy for a dead child.

> *Under this stone, what lies?*
> A little boy's thistledown body.
> *How, on so light a child*
> *Gravel hefted and hurled?*
> Light? As a flower entwined
> In our shining arms. Heavy
> Laid in this scale—it set
> Wailing the chains of the world.

Mr. Nims is sometimes overwhelmingly erudite, and the reader must take in stride half a dozen languages not his own, as well as references to mythology, art, history, whatnot. In most cases the poem is well worth the trouble.

There has been comment recently, mostly abusive, about "academic poets." Here are two of them, presumably, since Mr. Nims is also a professor of English, at Notre Dame. But it would be hard to imagine two poets less alike in technique, philosophy, subject matter, indeed talent. Who is this academic poet? It is good to be reminded that poets in the academy are like poets anywhere — which is to say, hard to classify.

WALKER GIBSON, director of Freshman English at New York University, is a poet whose work has appeared in two collected volumes — The Reckless Spenders *and* Come As You Are.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE 49TH COUSIN by Florence Lowe and Caroline Francke (Ambassador) is a sort of Jewish *Life with Father*. It tells of a tyrannical but supposedly lovable German Jewish papa — a Civil War veteran — who brings up three daughters in Syracuse, New York, "around the turn of the century." His outstanding trait, apart from an inordinate self-esteem, is a dislike of Russian Jews, whom he regards as so many beggarly barbarians.

The part is played by Menasha Skulnik, the antithesis of the type that the play attempts to portray. Skulnik has for years personified the East Side *schnook* — at once downtrodden, hapless, persistent, shrewd and ingloriously triumphant. Skulnik, with a voice which trumpets like a kazoo, can be very funny. But one thing Skulnik cannot be or act is the ponderous, righteous, thunderous, stuffy, thickheaded German *vater*. His brother is played by Eli Mintz just as flagrantly un-Teutonic, while two of the daughters are played by American ladies of inalienably Anglo-Scot lineage. The Rabbi of the play sounds like an Episcopal minister. The Russian-Jewish swain — played by Gerald Hiken, a talented young actor — has a rather international stamp, but the Russian-Jewish pale is the place he seems least likely ever to have inhabited.

So, though the play with its old-fashioned though unobjectionable jokes made me chuckle once in a while, it struck me as having been directed by a gentleman from China.

ARTHUR LAURENTS is a playwright with attributes of sensibility, wit, observation and sound craftsmanship. Two

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things, I believe, sometimes impede him. He wants to give his plays a certain "philosophic" stature and he wants to be a highly successful showman. When Laurents writes from the quick of his sympathies and conveys them through a clear plot line, he gives us such effective pieces as *Home of the Brave* and *The Time of the Cuckoo*. When he employs intellectualistic (or psychoanalytic) means, plus stage tricks, the results are dubious as in *The Clearing in the Woods*. When he is an unassuming journeyman he produces such an eminently serviceable "book" as the one for *Gypsy*.

In *Invitation to a March* (Music Box) he reverts to comedy, for which he has a distinct aptitude. There are some good semi-satiric lines and enough nice moments to make pleasant entertainment. But there is a thesis to this play and also an evident determination to make the play work as a smart show. The result is a compromise that dilutes the potency of the author's best qualities.

The thesis is that we all ought to learn to know what we want and then to do it without let or hindrance. But the plot and characters designed to embody this thesis are rather hackneyed and finally conformist. No one today is shocked by the idea of an illegitimate birth and everyone agrees — in the theatre at least — that the safe road of the well-heeled respectability may be duller than that of the freewheeling Bohemian. The play therefore never makes a real point: its challenge is not false so much as it is platitudinous. At best it succeeds only in being cute.

Actually Laurents is hardly lighthearted. There is a streak of sadness and bite in his better plays. There may even be anger. He does not wear the grinning Broadway mask easily. He speaks best when he is sufficiently moved to dispense with theories and theses which only serve to make his sentiments appear less adult than they may be.

As director, Laurents has assembled an attractive cast: in the case of Jane Fonda attractive enough to be worth the price of admission, while Celeste Holm and Eileen Heckart are expert as well. If I have a criticism of the direction, it is one which applies to many other of our skillful directors. Their direction is too meticulously tailor-made; it has too mechanical a precision. Too much pressure is put on the actors to make them give *exact* performances faithful in the last detail to the director's willed intention. While this makes their production ultra-sleek, it also irons out some of the life which may be in the actors and the script — both in need of the freedom of the dance rather than the rigor of a march.

THE Phoenix Theatre production of Oliver Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* is successful because this eighteenth-century farce possesses the advantages of good humor, a "classic" plot, delicious dialogue, while the direction, by Stuart Vaughan, matches the play in verve and roisterous invention.

There are other ways of doing the play — the English may give it more delicacy and grace — but for our time, place and circumstances, the company on Second Avenue does very well. Especially good are Donald Madden, particularly in his scene of conversational embarrassment, and Gerry Jedd who though cast "against type" suggests the feminine enterprise and intelligence of her role in a way we could not anticipate on the basis of her previous appearances. This augurs well for the Phoenix Theatre's hopefully "permanent" company.

DESPITE a certain lack of variety, I liked *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* by Meredith Willson and Richard Morris (Winter Garden.) This in itself is no special news, but when my readers consider how often I have avowed an imperviousness to the charms of most specimens of stage Americana, the simple declaration of approval should be viewed as a genuine compliment.

The nostalgic Americana of so many of our musicals bores me because they are usually marked by a sort of lacquered complacency without a gleam of reality. In *Molly Brown* there is a historically justified feeling for the fresh air energy, push and crudity of the lucky Westerner of the old mining days whose wealth was often accompanied by a hankering for (European) polish and sophistication — that in itself being the symptom of an even deeper need for a widening of human experience.

The show's dialogue has American spunk — both true to the material and appealing to a contemporary ear. The music, often in the key of loud and noisy, is not at all bad in the lighter numbers and though slightly dull in the

With Laurels in His Hand. . . .

Once, just before an air-raid on Toulon,
A spy was leaned against an orphaned wall.
Two men tied up his hands and shot him dead,
Then carried him toward the grave they'd dug
Because they knew he'd die. But clouds were loud
And strung with planes before the job was done,
The soldiers panicked and assumed the grave,
Were just in time to meet a pouncing bomb
And fill the air with chunks of startled cells.
The dead spy's corpse lay warm and whole and firm,
The still face tanning in the hot French sun.

So let it be with Caesar, what of God?
If war is really what it really is
Then God, as gods now go, is wholly gone.
War's not his bloody place, he seems to say,
He leaves the world to generals and such,
To lawyers, mayors, chaplains big with smile,
To younger men who dream of glory's lip,
To talkers, doers, bleeders, gaping souls,
Thin girls who sleep with soldiers, tender nuns
Who bless the troops with beads and make them think
Their rended bodies are a joy to God.

So let it be with Caesar and with God.
What then? My daily world is daily dragged
Along a drunken line that ends in death,
In banks of flags, in greasy guns, served up
In compound lies. And I? What shall I do?
Warm and relieve my heart by counting off
The Christian names of friends who will not die
As these would have them die? What shall I do?
Count up my sins, assess the thinking man,
Sort both the hero and the coward parts?
I do not know. I know I must know soon.

DANIEL J. LANGTON

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serious ones is very much helped by Herve Presnell's fine voice and pleasing personality. Oliver Smith has contributed some amusing settings and Miles White costumes of character.

Above all I liked Tammy Grimes, who is a clown with a heart, funny-looking and fetching. She sings with point and warmth and she can act. At times she approaches glamour. She will add a further and necessary dimension to her capacities when she learns to love her audience more. At present she seems too involved in her own problems as an actress to achieve the spontaneity, assurance and ease of the true star whose spirit, having become unfettered, magically envelops the spectator's soul.

Without Agony

Walter McQuade

This is the second of three essays on contemporary design. The third — on an exhibition from Germany — will be published shortly.

ON Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, "The Arts of Denmark, Viking to Modern" is led by a life-sized sculpture of an elderly, ascetic St. George carved smoothly in oak. Clad in a suit of armor, also oak and a half size too

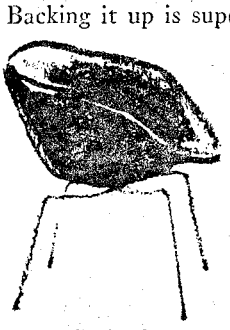
large, George sits his oaken horse and waves his sword pensively at an oaken dragon beneath the hooves, a dragon whose expression predicts Bert Lahr — panicky, but proud of being mistaken for a dragon. It's all in fun. The Danish mood, as represented by this statuary, and also by almost all the other art and even the modern products on view — the furniture, jewelry, lighting fixtures, fabrics, glassware, silver, etc. — is without agony. The exhibition is a tonic.

It shows ancient artifacts like jewelry and Viking trumpets in the early rooms, then moves fairly rapidly through history to the present line of export wares. It has the air, most of it, of folk art, but folk art of a very special sort. To me the connectors between the past art and the present wares were three fabrics hung near the entrance to the nineteenth-century room. The catalogue said they were eiderdowns, wool on warps of flax, woven commonly two hundred years ago—but if they had been unlabeled I would have guessed them to be the work of a very good contemporary Danish designer, so deep, strong, simple and valid were their colors and patterns.

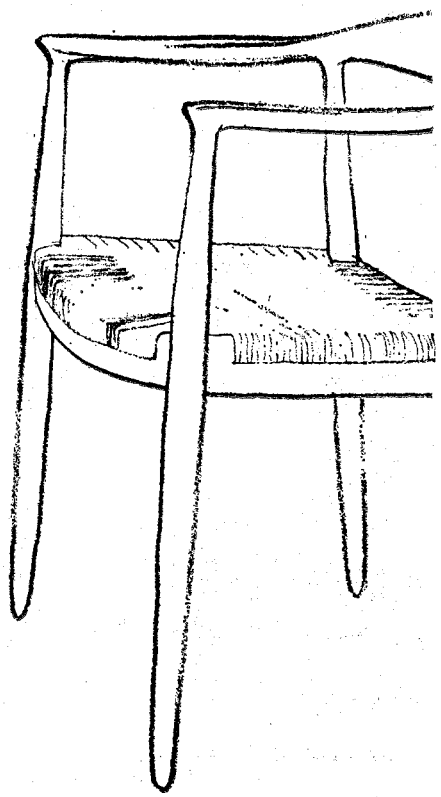
THE same richness and style is cherished in the more sophisticated new Danish products. The peculiarity of this folk art, you realize soon after entering the modern rooms, is that it is intellectual — not just left to the folks, but carefully evoked by a system of shrewd patronage probably unmatched outside Denmark.

As long ago as 1777, Danish acquaintances tell me, the Royal Furniture Store was founded, a state-supported sales place where any cabinetmaker could send his furniture — but with the quality of workmanship subject to judgment and control. A century and a half later, when the cabinetmakers felt they needed to rejuvenate their lines, they sponsored design competitions and attracted young modern architects, who didn't have many other clients. In 1928, the Danish Handcraft Guild was organized to locate a tradition in fabric design; this was accomplished in the same practical pattern, by providing a market place for the fabrics judged of high quality. The Danish Society of Arts and Crafts and Industrial Design has similarly been able both to stimulate and regulate work in its fields.

The happy result of all this is a national flavor of good design, deliberately fostered and maintained at high standard. Backing it up is superior Danish craftsmanship. In his foreword to the catalogue for this exhibition, Prime Minister Viggo Kampmann of Denmark drops this stern sentence: "Behind all Danish art lies the recognition that art is identical with skill." Bearing him out, the furniture designs which still seem best to me in the Danish collection are the wood chairs which have as subtle shaping as bones. They demand craftsmanship of a high order in their manufacture and thus deserve credit for helping to keep it alive.



Chair by Poul Kjaerholm



CHAIR BY HANS S. WERNER

But the calmness characterizing the style, its peace, has its price. The older art seems terribly mild, the kind that floats forward with the world, not fighting it, as most of our art does. And with regard to products, the dragon that must be conquered today, even eventually in Denmark, I would guess, is industrialism — mass production. It can't be slain, but must be tamed; a little agony might enter here.

It may have begun. Some of the newer Danish furniture does seem to be showing the nervous silliness of character sometimes called marketability — not the wood furniture, but the steel-plastic-leather series. I've never been able to decide whether the impulse to make machine-produced furniture a little cute is an attempt to compensate for the ruthlessness of the machines and materials used, or what.

One brand new leather and steel chair by Poul Kjaerholm, not listed in the catalogue, does survive its industrial essence simply by being very sumptuous. It belongs to the international family of bucket chairs, but its leather

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is finer, and its metal legs are put together like jewelry. It is very superior hand work on an industrial aesthetic. Perhaps this is still the Danish solution — to stay industrious, rather than industrial.

DANISH architect Finn Juhl has staged the exhibition with simple, unstrained elegance. From the entrance foyer of the South wing, second floor, your eye is pulled forward by a yard-wide ribbon of shimmering fabric hung over your head; it leads through the first room and straight to the vivid end wall of the second. From this entrance you also see the exotic silhouettes of the old Viking items, without knowing what they are until you go in. For displaying small items Juhl has provided a very finely made and practical case in steel, wood and glass; it is used for both historical and commercial items. His sense of spacing is flawless; the exhibition is as lucid as the best work in it.

This, incidentally, is not Finn Juhl's first exhibition work here in New York. He redesigned the first floor of Georg Jensen several years ago, and did a superb job.

The American, Edgar Kaufmann, Jr., suggested this successful show, and in his own contribution to the catalogue he observes that it might be good for the United States to ship the same kind of exhibition to Denmark. In these days of tough trading around the world, it does seem a good idea, and I hope it happens. Very few things describe a country better than its best personal export wares; it might be illuminating for such an exhibition to be shown here first, as introspection.

ART

Fairfield Porter

NO NEW director has been appointed yet to replace James Johnson Sweeney of the Guggenheim Museum. Gordon Washburn of the Carnegie Institute is serving as guest director of the third biennial Guggenheim International Award exhibition, which is administered in cooperation with the International Council of Museums, the International Association of Art Critics and the International Association of Plastic Arts. The various awards were chosen by three-man juries in the countries represented. The international jury selected Karel Appel's painting *Woman with Ostrich* for the $10,000 award, and gave honorable mentions to Yoshige Saito and Franz Kline, and a special honorable mention to Canada for the highest balanced quality of any sectional group.

The chief handicap against enjoying any exhibition at the Guggenheim is a subtle seasickness induced by the persistent tilt of the spiral floor. Then the paintings are dominated by the architecture, not so much because of its formality as because of the gummy amorphousness of the detail, like that of the railing leaning slightly inward around the central drain. And so I do not know how much my feeling that everything is a little stale comes from the discomfort of the setting, and how much it is actually true of the paintings chosen. But it is certainly true that here all modern schools are proved to be international, and every conceivable twentieth-century style has been copied everywhere. Art comes from art, and in this exhibition you can see that Western civilization dominates the world, with a cultural lag behind the iron curtain. Modernity is respectable, and there is an emphasis on conformity. Non-objectivity is tending to become a new literary mode, and surrealism has been homogenized with abstract-expressionism.

AN exception is Franz Kline's *New Year Wall*. Kline, understanding scale, makes painterliness architectural; he makes an abstraction of that invention of the muralists of the Venetian Renaissance. Ernst Wilhelm Ray's *Yellow and Purple* is one of the few paintings to use color as color. Ruggeri, in *Martyrdom of St. Matthew* uses the dramatic possibilities of current abstraction. Where Kline's painting is architectural, Still's is decorative: meaning that it does not lie on the wall, but seems to project from it, and its decorativeness is that primitive kind that leads people to hang colored cloths around "to kill the bareness." Like a Bakst ballet set, it works as a backdrop for the accidental realism of people walking through the museum.

Because of the higher proportion of quality among the few relatively realistic paintings than among the enormous number of abstract ones, this exhibition seems to enforce Clement Greenberg's observation that it is harder to paint abstractly than realistically. However, one sees plenty of exhibitions that seem to prove the reverse.

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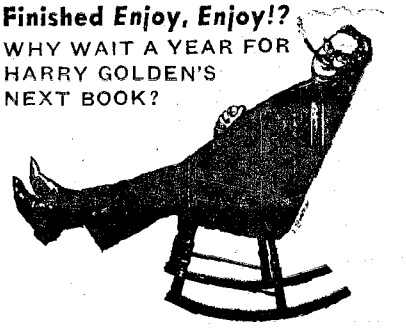

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(Continued from page 416)

one of the signers of the manifesto, but *Esprit* was on record as disapproving of the document.

Next the police invaded Sartre's Existentialist magazine, *Les Temps Modernes*. Again they found copies of the manifesto. Maurice Nadeau, an editor, was arrested and charged with having been one of the authors of the document. Nadeau did not deny the charge. As soon as this fact became known, a number of Nadeau's colleagues presented themselves before the authorities and insisted that they, too, be arrested, since they also had been co-authors of the manifesto. This phenomenon has been repeating itself ever since. Whenever the investigating magistrate thinks he has found a genuine author of the document, dozens of others allege equal guilt and clamor for arrest.

The situation is not an easy one for the French courts and the police. So far, about a score of persons have been formally accused of having encouraged military insubordination and desertion and will eventually be brought to trial. But who actually wrote the manifesto, and even the printer who printed it — under French law he is equally guilty — is still a mystery.

Meanwhile new names have been added to the signatories (as of this writing, the total is nearly 200). Among the more recent signers are Françoise Sagan, Michel Butor, Charles Vildrac, Tristan Tarza (director of the film, *The 400 Blows*), Gustave Monod and even Clara Malraux, daughter of André Malraux (who had refused to testify in behalf of the defendants in the Jeanson case).

THE GOVERNMENT did not take this lying down. It ordered that every signer of the manifesto was to be excluded from all state-directed activities, i.e., radio, television, education, the principal theatres. The resultant blow to French cultural activities was well-nigh paralyzing. Plays which had been in preparation for months had to be suspended because one of the principal actors, or the author, or the director, was a signatory. In TV, cultural programs of all kinds were interrupted; the same conditions prevailed in radio. Signatories were not only forbidden to participate in theatre, radio or TV shows; even their names could not be mentioned. In educational institutions, at a time of a teacher shortage, many secondary school teachers were forbidden to enter their classrooms.

This sudden advent of McCarthyism upon France aroused widespread indignation, even among people who violently disagreed with the manifesto. Actors', TV and radio unions staged strikes; secondary-school teachers put on a one-hour demonstration walk-out. The extraordinary chaos which threatened France's cultural life forced the authorities to backtrack somewhat. On November 1, the dismissed teachers were reinstated, though without pay for the days lost; and the disciplinary measures in TV and radio are no longer strictly enforced.

IF, as is probable, the purpose of the manifesto was to shock the public into a reappraisal of the Algerian war, it has certainly succeeded. For the last two months, the French press has been full of pronunciamentos not only directly touching upon the manifesto, but upon broader questions concerning the legitimacy of the war and the methods used to pursue it. Demonstrations, counter-demonstrations and even a counter-manifesto have enlivened the French scene. The trades unions, the Radical Party of Mendès-France and the Socialist Party have demanded that negotiations with the F.L.N. be started at once, without preconditions; the Catholic Church, in a formal declaration, publicly asked that some way be found to a "just peace" and, while not approving of desertion from the Army, announced that no Christian need perform acts, even under military order, that his conscience condemns. Protestant churches united in a declaration that they would "understand" and "help" conscientious objectors. Youth organizations and teachers' groups have given out the most forceful kind of anti-war declarations, and on October 27 the National Union of French Students held an anti-war meeting in Paris that led to rioting and bloodshed.

The pressure for peace continues. After years of apathy, the French people are clearly saying that they have had enough of a struggle that robs them of their sons and brings international discredit upon their country. Whether they will succeed in shaking de Gaulle out of his patient waiting for the emergence of a new, prosperous, unified Algeria is still to be seen.

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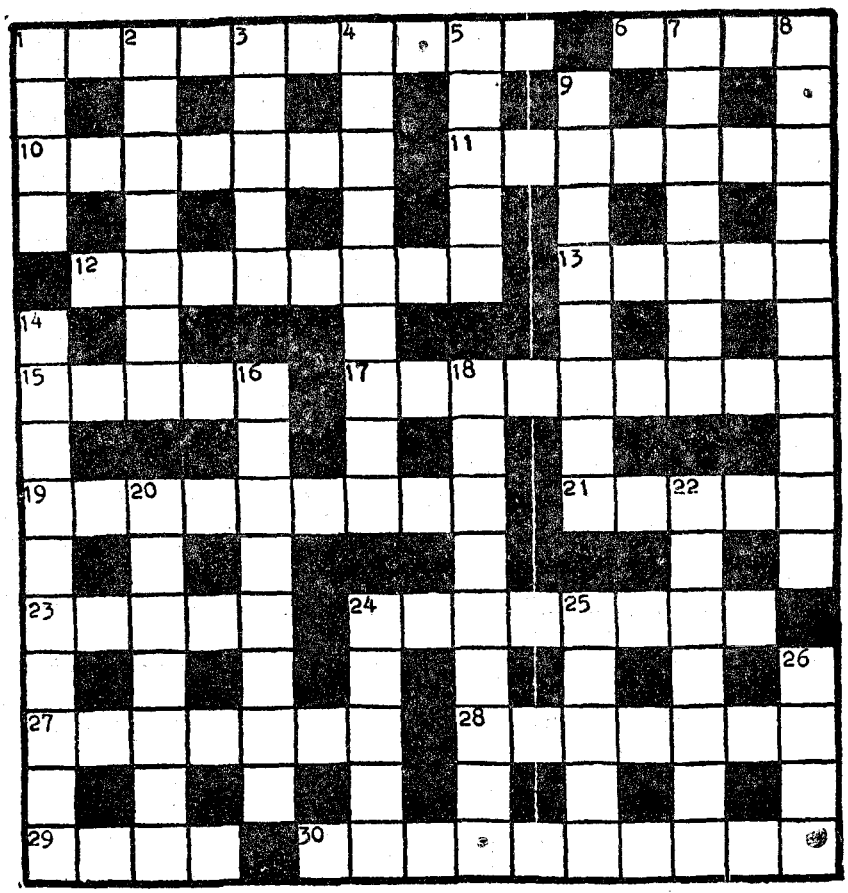
Crossword Puzzle No. 891

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Not exactly the handicraft of the Globetrotters. (10)
6 See 1 down
10 and 13 Swindling one who should have pull for the main inspection. (7, 5)
11 Where to look for 6 if green is superior to it. (Pass through this way!) (7)
12 Tree, sedate and timely, if cut. (5,3)
13 See 10 across
15 Dress otherwise, in all severity. (5)
17 If the wild tiger come, it will be a kind of progression. (9)
19 Were such things run by the South? (9)
21 Salute, perhaps, given in a nasal voice. (5)
23 Consumed in the battle at Eniwetok. (5)
24 Looked for what might be strewn around the curve. (8)
27 A thin scale crippled everything in return. (7)
28 Any fat outside? You might need it if fire is in order. (7)
29 See 2 down
30 A headline of defeat? (It's supposed to bring the crowd in.) (4, 6)

DOWN:

1 and 6 Pots that part of the batter is in front of? (8)
2 and 29 across The budget of anti-submarine warfare? (There's a certain amount of interest in it, probably.) (7, 4)
3 Half of what Shakespearean players have? (5)
4 What one might have done, if conversation flagged. (9)
5 One could be fired, according to the canon. (5)
7 Pitcher. (7)
8 Not necessarily against the plow, however! (It helps to figure out all the angles!) (10)
9 She might keep the Woman's Page clean, but sees dirt nevertheless. (8)
14 Otherwise the G. (6, 4)
16 The sort in a drunken reel that proves it's light again. (8)
18 At least you can make a close stab at finding a few bars! (9)
20 Empire furniture? (7)
22 The direction of the North's final attack? (7)
24 On the head of a Pointer, perhaps? (5)
25 A once common mode of travel for early Americans. (5)
26 Redolence. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 890

ACROSS: 1 Clothespins; 9 Bestride; 10 Chorus; 11 Bivalve; 12 Funeral; 14 Deigns; 15 Prefaces; 17 Epicures; 20 Cutlet; 22 Alimony; 24 Uncivil; 27 Reef knot; 28 Uselessness. DOWN: 2 Lethargic; 4 and 25 Eyesores; 5 and 26 Picture window; 6 Noose; 7 Beside; 8 Curate; 13 Spasm; 16 and 3 As thick as thieves; 18 Pallid; 19 Renewal; 20 Concern; 21 Edison; 23 Midas.

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